

STANFORD, KY.  
Friday Morning, January 31, 1879.

ORIOLE.

A WOMAN'S voice rang out, clear, and full, and sweet, above the din and noise of the busy streets; in the merry, mirth-loving Paris of America—the fair city of New Orleans.

Only a street singer, scolding wildly a selection from an opera, a popular air, which she sang in her own native Italian.

Two young men, strolling leisurely along the fashionable boulevard, paused involuntarily.

Both were tall and slender, with that indefinable air of good breeding and suavity which marks the man of society; but one was a blonde, and handsome, with a frank, careless face, while his companion bore the jetty locks, dark eyes, and olive skin, which betokened Southern birth.

He removed the cigarette from his mouth, and glanced around in surprise.

"I say, Carl," he cried, with unusual animation, "that is a remarkable voice for a street singer. Let's interview her."

Carl laughed, good naturedly. "Cela depend," he answered, lazily. "If she's ugly, it will be a waste of time; but—"

He paused in the midst of his merry speech with a start of surprise.

They had approached the singer now, and stood before her. No wonder that the young man was astonished.

She was a girl of perhaps twelve years of age, with a face of rare, most exquisite beauty. The clear, satiny complexion of the tropics, perfect features, glorious eyes, and clouds of raven hair, falling in picturesque disorder over the worn dress of faded crimson. By her side stood an old woman, yellow, wrinkled, hideous.

One hand held a thin shawl about her shoulders, and the other, shriveled and grasping, was extended to receive the few coins that were occasionally dropped between, while over all, the girl's voice pealed with a proud, mournful glory, all its own.

Carl Sturtevant turned to his friend, with a low whistle of surprise.

"Wonderful, isn't she, Severance?"

The dark eyes of Guy Severance flashed, then a cold, sneering expression darkened his haughty face. He came of a race whose boast was blood and lineage, and whose foundations were pride and avarice. It was impossible for him to admire a woman who was only a street singer.

"Well gotten up," he drawled, cuttingly. "But she sings badly. Make several false notes in that last bar."

"That is not true!" cried the girl, in perfect English, and turning an angry glance upon the two men. "You are no judge of music, or you would not say that. The song was taught me by the great Leonelli, the maestro of whom all Italy is so proud. He knows, and I would believe him against the world."

"When?" cried Carl, in unfeigned astonishment. "You learn of Leonelli, you, a street singer?"

"Yes, sir," answered the girl, proudly. "When I was younger, he was my master. We were not poor, then; and he wished me educated for the music stage. He never dreamed that I would make my first appearance here!"

There was bitterness in the clear voice; her eyes flashed angrily; she turned to move away.

"Stay, little girl!" cried Carl, eagerly. "I would know more of your history. I am German, and my German love music. Your wonderful voice should be cultivated. What is your name, little one?"

"Bianca. But since I have lived in New Orleans the people who know me call me Oriole. They say it is the name of a bird!"

"You are rightly named," said Carl, admiringly. "Will you tell me where you live?"

"No!"

"You will not? Why?"

"It does not concern you!"

"You are wrong; it does. I would be of service to you. Who is your companion?" indicating the old woman as he spoke.

"She was my nurse—she is my only friend!"

There was a proud sadness in the soft voice.

"Good morning, gentlemen," she added, as she placed her hand in that of the old woman, and again prepared to move on.

"You are an admirable beggar!" said Severance, sneeringly, "and fully understand your trade."

He took some money from his pocket, and pressed it into the girl's small hand, with a flash of the proud eyes, and a haughty gesture, she tossed it in his face.

"Keep your money, sir!" she cried. "Were I indeed a beggar, I would starve in the gutter before I would accept alms from a gentleman who stoops to insult a friendless girl!"

The man's face paled. He looked a trifle ashamed of his rudeness.

"Then take it in payment for your song," he said, carelessly.

"Thank you, no! You tell me a falsehood—you say that my singing is bad, then wish to pay me for it. Keep

your money, you should not waste it on poor music! But, sir, the day will come when you will hear me sing that song and your opinion will be altered."

With the air of a traggly queen, the singer passed her arm through that of her aged companion, and swept proudly away.

For a moment, the two men stood silent with surprise; then Severance burst into a hearty laugh.

"What a virago! I say, Carl, here's a subject for your pencil; the eccentricities of genius, fully developed. A paltry little street beggar refusing money. That must be a new dodge!"

Carl did not answer, but as the two moved onward, his face was very grave and thoughtful.

"She had a wonderful voice!" he said to himself, "and I believe that her story was true. If I only knew how to find her!"

But he did not know, and so he returned slowly to his morning's work in his studio. For he was an artist by profession—a real artist, mind you—not one of those counterfeiters who vex men's souls with their impossible productions, many of which might be worshipped without fear of transgressing the commandment, for they are totally unlike any thing "in the heaven above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth."

When Severance had left him, Carl seated himself before his easel, and leaning an elbow upon it, buried one white hand in his fair, wavy hair. For a long time he sat there; at length with a weary sigh he took up his pencil, and began to sketch. The picture grew beneath his dexterous fingers—a woman's head—proud, and wondrously beautiful. It was the face of the little singer—Oriole.

After that, every morning, Carl visited the spot where had first seen the girl, and with an instinctive dread of Severance, he went alone. Hour after hour he lingered in the vicinity, but Oriole came no more.

One evening, several weeks after the encounter, as he was walking slowly down a retired street, he saw a slender figure standing alone, and with an air of hesitation, near the door of a rickety old house. He saw a glance that it was the little street singer. Her eyes fell upon his face, and with a low cry, she put out both hands.

He took them in his; the girl felt that she could trust him.

"Oh, sir!" she sobbed, "what shall I do? My old nurse is dead, and I—dare not go into the streets alone, to sing!"

She paused, and a storm of grief and pride shook her childish form. She was very proud still, this poor, friendless beggar.

"Live in this house," she continued, after a pause, "but the landlady will turn me out, homeless and shelterless, unless I pay her. I have no way to get the money, but by singing, and how can I sing in the great, busy streets, all alone?"

It was a pathetic appeal; Carl's eyes were full of tears.

"Wait," said he.

Somehow he found his way into the house, where he soon paid the old woman the sum due her; then with a few encouraging words to Oriole, he hastened to his own home. He went straight to his mother, a noble, whole-souled, generous woman; a fit mother for such a son, and told the whole story.

In an hour, Mrs. Sturtevant had driven in her carriage to the tumble-down building, and had carried Oriole home with her. She found her all that her son had claimed her to be; and woman of the world though she was, could find no flaw in her, and no reason to doubt the story which she told of herself.

Two months later, an outward-bound vessel bore the young girl back to her native land, to finish her musical education under the great maestro.

The Grand Opera House in New Orleans is a blaze of light and color. Fair faces, rich dresses, flashing jewels and rare perfumes—a scene of intoxicating beauty.

The crowd is crowded from pit to gallery, for it is the first appearance of a young singer whose fame has preceded her from the Old World; but who was billed in the programme and known simply as Oriole.

In a stage box amid a party of richly dressed ladies, sat Carl Sturtevant and Guy Severance. Five years had elapsed since the last scene of my story, but they are still unchanged. Guy wears the same cold look of weariness on his dark, handsome face; if there is any change in him it is not for the better. Carl, well, such hearts as his can never alter. His mother is at his side. They keep their secret well; but occasional glances into each other's eyes reveal the understanding between them.

At length the curtain arose, and the opera began. It was the opera from which Oriole had sung the air upon that memorable day in the streets of New Orleans.

Something, a remark which Carl carelessly dropped, brought it back to the memory of Severance.

She came on at last; the audience greeted her with a round of applause, and slowly approaching the footlights, she began to sing. Such a voice, who can describe it? And she sang the very song which she had sung that day on the street. Guy knew then—knew with a feeling of astonishment which

no words can portray, that the beautiful woman was Oriole—the street singer.

I cannot describe her triumph that night. How she made her way, as by storm, right into the hearts of the kind, generous New Orleans people; how she swayed them to laughter and to tears, how she had every thing her own way, and the curtain fell on the last act in the midst of the wildest enthusiasm.

When the whole mystery was explained, Guy begged to be presented; and his request was granted. From that night, his haughty heart was at the feet of Oriole. At length, the time came when he told her so; laid before her all—his heart and hand and fortune—all the boasted pride of race and blood, and begged her, humbly, to become his wife.

But Oriole turned away, as proudly as she had done that day upon the street when he had humiliated her, and sneered at her. It was his turn for humiliation now!

"Sir," she answered, in her calm, grave voice; "you honor me greatly, but I will not decline. No man who would stoop to a friendship and unprotected woman, as you did, could ever hold my heart in his keeping!"

With a sneer on his handsome features, Guy Severance left her presence. He would be revenged yet!

One night, a grand reception was given to Oriole. The elite of New Orleans were gathered within the princely mansion of the wealthy Mrs. Sturtevant. Oriole, the centre of attraction, was conversing with some of the most famous and influential men of the time; groups were gathered near her; all eyes watched her with admiration, and more than one pair beamed with love.

Like Nordica at the gate, Guy Severance stood near his eyes, basilisk like, never left her face. He was a worldly, unscrupulous man; and, for the first time in his sordid life, was mildly in love.

"Beautiful, isn't she?" remarked some one at his elbow, and turning, Guy saw a young man, whom he well knew for his petty pride—pride of birth and station—which swept every thing else before it from his life. A thought darted into his heart. He answered boldly:

"Yes; she is very beautiful; and, as she stands now, she reminds me of the first time I ever saw her!"

"When was that?"

Guy glanced around the room; a half dozen people drew near; his words had reached Oriole, and she paused in her conversation.

The whole room was quiet, as tho' under a spell. Severance mentally gauged the aristocratic assembly, ere he answered, with a very perceptible sneer:

"I first saw her on the streets of this city five years ago; she was then playing (in earnest) the role of the 'Bohemian Girl,' and earned her bread in that fashion. She was a common street singer."

An awful silence fell upon them all. With a white face, but proudly flashing eyes, Oriole turned her queenly head, and gazed full into his face.

"Yes," she said, calmly, in a clear, bell-like voice that vibrated through the wide apartment. "Remember it, too! I was but a friendless, orphan child, and you insulted me."

At that moment Carl Sturtevant made his way through the surprised group, and pausing at Oriole's side, took her hand in his.

"My friends," he said, his fair face grave and decided, "should any of you be inclined to waste a thought on the cowardly words of yonder puppy, remember that, in a few days, this lady becomes my wife. And, very proud am I to add, that, when we were betrothed, she was only a street singer."

His mother drew near Oriole, and passed her arm around the waist of the young girl. Now, as Mrs. Sturtevant was very wealthy, and a leader of fashion, her deeds, in the eyes of the world, were always right, and so the entire company hastened to flock around Oriole, to congratulate, and flatter, and show her that her position with them was assured.

The next morning Carl waited upon Mr. Severance, to demand an explanation of the intended insult which had fallen so wide of its mark. But he found the room empty and the bird flown. They never met again.

In the drawing-room of the Sturtevant mansion hangs a small painting—a wildly beautiful girl, with flashing eyes, and locks of scorn. Sometimes Mrs. Carl Sturtevant pauses before it, to say with trembling lips, which belied her happy face—

"Only a street singer."

And when her husband, in answer, laughingly interposes, she adds, eagerly—

"Yes; and didn't I do it well?"

"What!" said a young lady to a sister companion, "you are not going to marry that tall, lean, slender, consumptive-stricken fellow, are you?"

"Yes, she is," volunteered the young lady's little brother, looking up from his broken cart wheel, "she is going to marry him and use him for a carpet-stretcher." The boy and the cart wheel passed out the same door.

Truth is stranger than fiction. A man may know that he is a liar, and yet he will feel decidedly strange when he is called one.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Passed by Congress in regard to Subscriptions.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills, and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

6. If subscribers pay in advance, they are bound to give notice to the publisher at the end of their time, if they do not wish to continue taking it; otherwise, the publisher is authorized to send it on, and the subscribers will be responsible until express notice with payment of all arrears is sent to the publisher.

This is the way it is played: A man past the prime of life, poorly dressed, and having a mournful quiver in his voice, takes two old oyster cans, partly filled with sand, does them up in neat shape, and selecting a house, he calls a lady to the door, and says: "Madam, I'm old and poor, but I'm not a thief. I found these oyster cans in the street, and won't you be good enough to keep them till the owner calls?" "Why, the owner may never call," replies the lady. "That's so; but I'm not able to buy milk and crackers even if I had oysters; you'd better keep 'em a while, anyhow. If no one comes, the cans are yours. Sometimes the old man makes a quarter, and sometimes only a bite to eat."

The owner does not arrive, and the family prepares for fried oysters for supper. When the paper is torn off some folks laugh—and some don't. Some say they will hunt every rod of ground in the United States but that they'll find the old man and make him eat the last grain of sand and the cans to boot.—[Detroit Free Press.

A religious newspaper will go the round of the family circle and still look bright and clean, but when the family story paper makes the circuit it looks as if it had served in the capacity of a bundle and been given to the baby to cut its teeth on.—[Danville Spectator.

The contest of pedestrianism between George Guyon and the stallion Hensley, Jr., ended at 11 o'clock on Saturday night, at Chicago. During the fifty-two hours the horse had covered 201 miles, and the man 149 miles. Both were in good condition at the finish.

**Hosts of People are Mortals.**  
To sick headache, that infallible symptom of a disordered stomach, liver and bowels. Many suffer from it as many as three or four times a week. They do so because of the stomach and regulating the bowels and liver, remove the cause, and dispel the painful symptoms. The intimate sympathy between the brain and the abdominal region causes the slightest disorder affecting the latter to be reflected as it were, in the organ of thought. The reforming idea by one line and under one management, the digestive and excretory functions are in a state of chaos, has other and more beneficial results, viz, the complete nutrition of the whole system, and an increase in the power of the system to resist disease of a malarial type.—250-10

**MARKETS.**  
The retail prices for provisions, &c., are as follows:

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